

# Christmas Bargains at The Leader

At no store in North Platte will be found such a wonderful array of goods suitable for substantial Christmas gifts—gifts that are of a serviceable nature and that will be appreciated by the one receiving them. To make the buying more easy and the needed gifts more easily obtained, we make some decided reductions in prices on articles that are especially suitable for gift-giving.

Especially attention is invited to our line of silk and wool dress patterns, one of which would please mother, wife or sister.

The housewife appreciate and enjoys a well appointed dinner table, and nothing adds more than table linen, our stock of which this season is especially large.

Another item of comfort and tasteful appearance, is fine bed spreads and California blankets which we handle in the finest quality. Let us show you our line of Marseilles spreads.

Ladies appreciate fine hosiery; we have them in quarter dozen boxes, especially made for gift giving; or an equally appreciated gift would be a box of our fine handkerchiefs.

In the house furnishing line we mention lace curtains, rugs and carpets, articles that are appreciated by wife or mother.

In our ladies, misses and childrens ready-to-wear department we are showing the swellest line in town, and as an inducement to Christmas shoppers we are offering the entire line at a very great reduction. You can save from twenty to fifty per cent on the dollar, as the line must be reduced materially before our January inventory. This line includes ladies' and misses' suits, ladies' and misses' cloaks, dress skirts, silk and mercerized petticoats, ladies', misses' and childrens' furs, ladies' linen and silk shirt waists, sweaters, knit goods, muslin and outing underwear, and ladies trimmed hats.

The clothing department of The Leader is somewhat overstocked, and to reduce the line we are making a reduction of twenty to fifty per cent to Christmas buyers. Our stock is very complete for men and boys, and you can do better here than any other place in town. We also carry a swell line of gents' furnishings, many of which are especially suited for gift giving.

In the shoe department no better line can be found in town. We are making special prices all along this line. Big line of rubber goods just received.

## The Leader, - J. Pizer.

ROAD NO. 330.  
To all whom it may concern:  
The commissioner appointed for the purpose of locating a public road as follows:

Commencing at the center of section 17, township 12, range 28 and running thence north on half mile line to the laid out road on half mile line running east and west across section 8, township 12, range 28, said road to be 33 feet wide, has reported in favor of the establishment of said road and all claims for damage or objections thereto must be filed in the office of the county clerk on or before noon on the 12th day of February, 1910, or such road will be established without reference thereto.

Dated North Platte, Neb., December 6, 1909.

F. R. ELLIOTT,  
County Clerk.

### Road No 327

To All Whom It May Concern:  
The special commissioner appointed for the purpose of locating a public road as follows:

Commencing at the S. W. corner of Section 17, Township 10, Range 33 and running thence east on section line to the S. E. corner of Section 17-10-32 al. on section line, has reported in favor of the location of said road as follows:

Commencing at the S. W. corner of Sec. 17, T. 10, R. 33 running east six miles on section line to the S. W. corner of Sec. 17 T. 10 R. 32, thence south on section line about 100 rods to the railroad right-of-way north of the track, thence southeast to Dickens along the right-of-way and connecting thence with road no 102, and all claims for damage or objections thereto must be filed in the office of the county clerk, on or before noon of the 17th day of Feb., 1910, or such road will be established without reference thereto.

Dated North Platte, Neb., Dec-10-09.  
F. R. ELLIOTT,  
County Clerk.

**DR. ELMS,**  
General Practice of  
**Medicine, Surgery**  
Together with his  
**Specialty, Eye, Ear, Nose**  
**and Throat.**  
Your Glasses Carefully Fitted.  
Office and residence 413 East Fifth St.,  
on ground floor, no stairs to climb.  
Phone 559.  
North Platte, Neb.

## MAKE SOME ONE HAPPY

While you are racking your brain about what to get your husband, wife, father or mother for a Xmas present just stop and rest your mind and come down and pick out a nice easy rocker that will make them happy every day in the year.

We have a complete line from a child's rocker up to a turkish, at reasonable prices.

### HOWE & MALONEY.

## SACRIFICE SALE OF TOWN LOTS.

Why go out into the country to buy residence lots when you can buy the following choice residence lots in the West End where they will increase in value and always be in demand.

Three nice lots in block 17, Town Lot Co's Addition, \$350.00 for all three.

Two handsome lots on Block 12, Town Lot Co's Addition, \$350.00 for both lots.

Three handsome lots on west Fourth street, sewer in and paid for, \$1200.00 for the three.

Four choice lots on west Sixth street close in for \$400.00, \$450.00, \$500.00 and \$650.00 each.

These lots are all close in, high and dry, do not require any filling and each of them is worth more money than we are asking for them.

### Buchanan and Patterson.

## CHRISTMAS IN FICTION.

By GEORGE H. PICARD

[Copyright, 1909, by American Press Association.]

NOT until the first half of the last century was well spent did the species of literature which has come to be known as Christmas fiction effect a permanent lodgment in the hearts of English speaking mankind. The ancient parable plays and the rhymed holiday legends of the middle ages are still in use on the continent, but the more secular minded English had only the rude Yuletide jingles and the quaint carols of beef eating antiquity.

Contrary to the prevailing notion, the inventor of the tale with a distinctively Christmas flavor was an American. It is likely that it would occur to few Americans and to no Englishman to dissent if it were asserted in their presence that Charles Dickens originated the Christmas story. His name is so inseparably connected with so much of the holiday literature enshrined in the popular heart that it is small wonder the mention of Christmas suggests him. The credit of the "literary find," however, must be given to another, a man who was at the end of his thirties when Dickens was born, who had been at Malta when Nelson's fleet sailed away to Trafalgar, who had visited Sir Walter at Abbotsford and had captivated him and who was afterward secretary to the United States legation in England. That, of course, means Washington Irving.

Irving's first book, "The Sketch-Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.," had pleased everybody, so much so, indeed, that it was republished by John Murray in London and translated into several continental languages. Both the publishers and the public were urging him to do something equally meritorious. Nobody realized more keenly than did the author of the exquisite work the difficulty of producing its mate, and he was not a man to be driven into mediocrity. Three years later he published "Bracebridge Hall," and the chapter of that masterpiece of literary workmanship entitled "Christmas at Bracebridge Hall" was the pioneer holiday tale of English literature and has furnished a model for subsequent fictionists which has seldom been equaled and never excelled. Its easy grace and felicity of expression were a revelation to everybody in those days, and the wonder and the charm are potent still.

William Makepeace Thackeray, master of a realism that is the wonder and the despair of those who have followed him, needed no model and chose none. His "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" resembles nothing ever conceived in the mind of any other man. The public was pleased with it, but never so much as was Thackeray himself.

Most amazing of all, the author of the tale professed to believe that it was "Mrs. Perkins's Ball" that had made his reputation—that, too, in the face of the fact that "Vanity Fair" had just been published. This perversion of Thackeray in regard to the literary value of his wares and his lack of faith in his masterpiece—he had so little confidence in the success of "Vanity Fair" that after it appeared he applied for a small government position—were proof sufficient that the man who creates a masterpiece may have a dim conception of artistic values.

All the makers of great fiction are more or less under the spell of their immediate surroundings, but few have made it more apparent than Charles Dickens. Those who knew the circumstances saw plainly that he had put himself and his sad childhood into many of his pathetic short stories. This is especially true of "The Ghost in Master B's Room," which is an account of things which happened to him in his troubled boyhood. As a child he was a firm believer in ghosts, and it is probable that he never entirely abandoned his faith in spectral appearances. Many of his tales are peopled with disembodied spirits, and they are like the ghosts of no other writer. They are the spooks that appeal to one and make one believe in their genuineness. They are frequently more real than the living characters who consort with them. Although they are dead, they conduct themselves like living entities.

Dickens's Christmas ghosts are unique in the realm of literature. Of all the silent shapes that have been summoned from the upper and nether worlds to lend enchantment to the Christmas tale his alone have become acclimated. There is never anything repulsive about them. They are the most companionable spooks ever invented. They are seldom sepulchral, but are frequently cheerful. They are not the haunting, sleep killing and never to be exorcised phantoms of the fairy tales, but actual personalties, freed from all

mortal restrictions in regard to locomotion that come to us when we bid them and vanish politely when we are weary of their presence.

Bret Harte never made a secret of his admiration for the creator of Little Nell and Tom Pinch. Like Paul at the feet of Gamaliel, he was content to receive his lesson from the man he acknowledged to be his master. Not until after Dickens had finished his work did the young literary light who stood revealed in the far western firmament learn that his model had seen that exquisite elegy "Dickens in Camp" and had been heard to express his admiration of it in the most generous terms. The dying novelist declared that the work of the new American writer contained such subtle strokes of workmanship as no other writer in the language had yet exhibited. And then he asked, with a humorous gleam in his weary eyes, "Don't you think that his manner is very like my own?"

Like Dickens, Harte had a genuine fondness for the doings of Yuletide. One who knew him best says that up to the last day of his life "he thought much of the Christmas season and to the last kept up the fond and foolish custom of sending generous presents to his friends." Better appreciated in England than in his native country, Harte spent the later years of his life abroad, but his stories were to the last distinctly American. In that admirable performance entitled "How Santa Claus Came to Simpson's Bar" there is no flavor of the old world Christmas, and Johnny, clothed in the stars and stripes, is a young American of the most unmistakable sort.

Two of the most strikingly dissimilar Christmas stories ever written are

Hawthorne's "Christmas Banquet" and Miss Mitford's "Christmas Party." There is little of Christmas in Hawthorne's gruesome tale. The joyous festival is only a literary makeshift around which is woven a weird

psychological study that drives all remembrance of the blessed season from the mind. Its ghosts are not the so-called and easily banished spooks of Dickens. They are formless and creepy and all pervading. They are the fearsome specters that rise in the frigid vapors of German mysticism, and they are made icier still with a strong admixture of New England transcendentalism. It is a masterpiece in conception and in treatment—no question at all about that—but it does not make the Yule log glow more brightly or lend a better flavor to the steaming bowl.

Mary Russell Mitford does not deal in ghosts. All of her Christmas characters are flesh and blood people, and they are not of the sort that "will not stay dead when they die." Her "Christmas Party" is as dainty in its workmanship as anything which ever came from her careful pen, and that is saying much. It is as restful and non-suggestive as a pastoral, and its influence is as soothing as the delicate savor which escapes when the cover of a potpourri jar is lifted or the drawer of an old time cabinet is opened—the faint, pervasive odor of crushed rose leaves and dried lavender.

## THE RATIONAL CHRISTMAS.

By ELLIS FRAME

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"Let us give in reason this year," she suggested.  
"Not merely for the sake of giving things."  
It's the spirit, not the money invested.  
Let us, therefore, turn from foolish squandering.  
Let the gifts we give be things that may be needed.  
Instead of trash soon to be cast aside."  
"My darling, your suggestion shall be heeded.  
For there is wisdom in it," he replied.

She did her shopping early, being guided by lessons learned from much experience.  
She would show her lord and master, she decided.  
How excellent a thing was common sense.  
For their baby boy she purchased a French corset.  
And an oriental rug that caught her eye.  
"Though the darling longed to have a rocking horse, it wasn't sensible," she murmured, with a sigh.  
They had promised not to buy things for each other.  
They would merely get a few things for the child.  
She would sacrifice her sister and her mother.  
And it gladdened her to see the way he smiled.  
As he said his people, too, should be omitted.  
So the wise and winsome woman, day by day.  
From shop to shop, with sweet emotion, fitted.  
Having dry goods bound up and sent away.

He bought a pipe and splendid smoking jacket.  
To give their darling glee on Christmas morn.  
With these the child could make no such a racket.  
As might have been produced with drums and horns.  
He also got the works, unexpurgated.  
Of old Boccaccio and Rabelais.  
So that their little one might be elated.  
And long have glad remembrance of the day.

On Christmas when their presents were displayed.  
They sat upon the sofa side by side.  
And while their child looked up at them, dismayed.  
He had a culprit's manner, and she smiled.

## A THWARTED PLOT.

By LAURENCE FOSTER CHURCH.  
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Not far from the close of the eighteenth century there lived in a small town in New Jersey—it is now a city—Raymond Doane, a man very much respected and of a peaceful disposition. His house stood near the main street or road, considerable grounds behind and on either side of it. On the lot next adjoining lived Samuel Whitford, who was Doane's antipode. If he but once conceived a grudge against any one he would pursue him to the bitter end. He quarreled with nearly every one in the town, and there was none to speak a good word for him but Raymond Doane, who always stood for peace and constantly endeavored to allay the prejudice against his neighbor.

But one day a horse of Doane's got into Whitford's premises and destroyed a lot of vegetables growing in the garden. Though Doane offered to make suitable reparation, Whitford would not be pacified. From that time he made the lives of Mr. Doane and his family miserable and went so far as to injure one of Doane's children he found on his grounds. This was too much even for the quiet Mr. Doane's patience. Meeting Whitford, he protested. Whitford attacked him, but Doane, being the better man, got him down and rubbed his nose in the dirt.

After this the Doanes expected worse treatment than before, but Whitford let them alone and finally surprised them by offering the olive branch. It was accepted, but without confidence.

Mr. Doane had a man doing unimportant jobs about his place named Silas Moore, who had received an injury in childhood which had impaired his intellect. One night Silas was heard screaming "Murder!" in the back of Mr. Doane's place. Doane got up and went out to see what was the matter. He found no one and went back to bed. Silas was not again seen in the town.

Mr. Doane reported what he had heard, and there was much wonderment in the matter. Whitford said nothing for some time, then intimated that he might say a great deal were it not that the people were all against him and would not believe him. This got to the ears of the authorities, and Whitford was called upon to give testimony. With apparent unwillingness he said that on the night in question, hearing the cries, he had got up and gone to the rear of his yard. The cries had then ceased. Whitford was about to return to the house when he saw a figure through the darkness dragging some object. He followed and saw the figure dig a hole, into which he thrust what he had been dragging, filled the hole and spent much time destroying the marks of the ground's disturbance. Whitford followed the figure and saw it go into Doane's back door.

No citizen of the place would have paid any attention to this story, but the police, of course, must visit the spot and examine it. Whitford led them, and after digging in several places they came upon a corpse so disfigured that they could tell nothing about it except that it was about Silas' height and the hair was the same color.

The matter now passed into the courts, and Doane was arrested for the murder of his hired man. The clothing on the corpse was examined, and several pieces were found to have belonged to Silas. Though the body was unrecognizable, the clothing proved conclusively that Silas had been murdered. Whitford's evidence was not sufficient to convict Doane, but a stranger appeared at the trial who swore that he had driven into the town late on the night of the murder and had heard angry words in Doane's barn. He had reined in his horse to listen and saw two figures walk to the back of Doane's place. Then he had heard the cries and had gone and seen what Whitford had seen from another point.

Even this would not have convicted Doane before a jury of his fellow townsmen, but the prosecuting attorney, realizing this, took a change of venue and tried him elsewhere. The result was that the peace loving Mr. Doane was convicted of the murder of his half witted servant. In this, as in every mysterious murder case, there were those who believed in the guilt of the one being tried for it and those who did not so believe.

A hanging in those days was open to the view of every one. From daylight till noon on the day the culprit was to be swung off all sorts of vehicles were driven into town loaded with people. The condemned man was brought forth and given an opportunity to speak, which he declined. The noose was being adjusted when some one in the crowd cried:

"Hold on!"  
Every eye was turned to the speaker, who was pointing in a certain direction. There, gazing with the rest of the crowd, stood the man who had been murdered—the fool Silas Moore.

That ended the hanging, or, rather, it never took place, and the supposed murderer was carried home on the shoulders of his friends.

Silas Moore when questioned told how Whitford had persuaded him to enact the murder scene at night and then had hurried him away where he supposed he would be safe. The stranger witness had been paid for his testimony. It also came out that Whitford had procured a corpse, made its face unrecognizable, put Silas' clothes on it and buried it.

Whitford made good his escape and was never heard of again in America.